The SNOW MIDEN



GEORGENE FAULKNER













"Who are you?" gasped Ivan in surprise
[See page 10]

THE SNOW MAIDEN

FAIRY TALES FROM THE WORLD OVER

Told by GEORGENE FAULKNER

"The Story Lady"

With Colored Plates by
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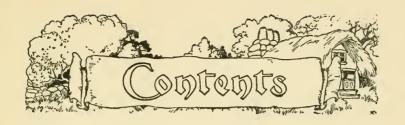


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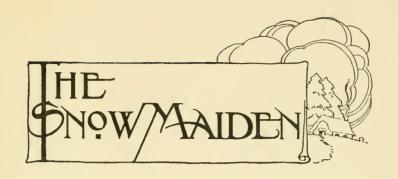
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THE SNOW MAIDEN

NCE upon a time there lived in Russia two poor peasants named Ivan and Marja. They had no little children, and they were very lonely indeed.

One bright cold day in winter, when the snow covered the ground like a soft, white blanket, and the frost sparkled on the dark green fir trees, and the rivers and lakes were frozen over with ice, a group of noisy, happy children came out to play.

Ivan and Marja looked out of their cottage window and watched these joyous children as they made a snow fort and then pelting each other with snowballs, had a mock battle.

After a while, tired of that sport, they said, "Come, let us make a snow man!" And soon they were busily building a man of snow. As Ivan and Marja heard their happy shouts of laughter ringing out on the frosty air, they became even more lonely and sad.

"Fate has been unkind to us," said Ivan. "How I wish that we had a little one playing with the children out there in the snow."

"Yes," sighed poor Marja, trying hard to keep back the tears. "How happy we should be if we had a dear little child to love."

Ivan saw how very unhappy his wife looked and he was so sorry for her that he said very quickly, "Come, little wife, put on your warm wraps and we will go out of doors and play like these merry children, in the snow."

Marja put on her high boots, and her warm jacket, and her heavy mittens, and bound her head tightly in her small shawl, while Ivan put on all of his heavy things. Then, taking her hand, he ran with her out into the garden shouting, "Come, little wife, we are children again!" Marja took some of the soft snow and threw it at Ivan, laughing as she said, "Yes, husband, we are children again, and we will play like children in the sparkling snow. Come, husband, let us make a little snow child!"

"That is a very good idea," agreed Ivan. "We will make a little child of snow!"

Ivan began to pile up the snow and together they shaped a little body, with dainty arms and hands and feet. They took a smaller ball of snow for the head and Marja, who was quite an artist, modeled the head. She made the eyes, the nose, the smiling mouth and the tiny ears. Ivan brought her some soft white snow which had fallen in the pine trees, and with this she made some dainty white ringlets

and fastened them upon the brow of the little snow child.

When the child was finished, Ivan and Marja both stepped back to admire her.

"Oh, wife, is she not lovely?" cried Ivan.

"Yes," answered Marja with a sigh, "she is wonderful! How I wish that she were a real little girl!"

Just then an old traveler came down the road. He stopped for a moment and gazed at the two peasants in astonishment; then he asked, "What are you simple people doing out here, playing like children in the snow?"

"Good sir," answered Marja, sadly, "we have no little one in our home, and so now we have made a snow child."

"Is she not beautiful?" said Ivan, as he pointed

proudly towards the snow maiden.

"She is indeed very beautiful!" answered the traveler. "She looks almost like a real little maiden."

"Oh, little Father," said Marja, "how I wish that she were a real little maiden!"

The traveler, raising his hand in a farewell blessing, tramped away down the snowy road. Ivan and Marja, left alone, turned once more to admire their snow child.

As they looked, suddenly the snow maiden opened her eyes, blue as the summer skies, and

gazed dreamily at them as though she were awakening from a long sleep. Her tiny ringlets seemed to catch the golden glint of the sunbeams, and a soft pink came into her cheeks; her lips became rosy-red, and they parted in a little smile. A gentle sigh stirred her body, and then she seemed to uncurl her fingers, like the petals of a rose, as she stretched out her arms towards them.

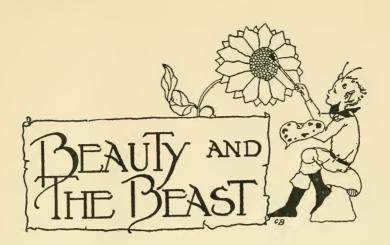
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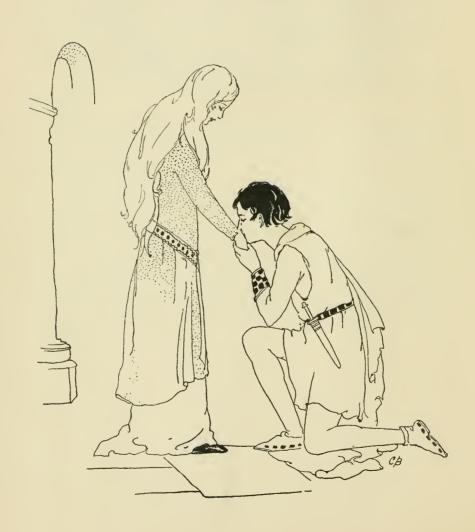
surprise.

Marja leaned against her husband and whispered softly, "Is she really waking up? Is it a vision, or am I dreaming?"

"I am Snow-White, your little daughter," replied the little maiden as she threw her arms about Ivan.

Marja, weeping with joy, then held Snow-White in her arms. When she saw that her wish had come true and that Snow-White was a real little girl, she led her into their cottage, saying, "Now, my dear child, you are our own little girl. This is your home!"





BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

NCE upon a time, there lived a rich

merchant who had three sons and three daughters. He was a good father, and loved his children more than he did his riches, so he spared no expense in order that they might be well educated. His three daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest daughter was far more beautiful than her elder sisters. So lovely was she that when she was a tiny baby, she was called "Beauty," and the name just suited her, for she was not only beautiful in her form and face but in her manner as well. She was very unselfish and sweetnatured, and was always doing for others, while her two sisters were quite unlike her in disposition. They hated to hear her called Beauty, and as she grew older they became more and more jealous of her, for it made them angry to see how everyone loved her. These sisters did not make many friends, for they were very haughty and proud. They boasted of their father's wealth, and when they received any offers of marriage from young merchants, they replied scornfully, "We do not intend

to marry anyone, unless it is a duke or an earl!"

They spent their time in dressing in their best clothes, and driving about the town, and going to balls and plays, but they never studied or read, and of course no one cared to talk to them, for they talked of nothing but themselves, bragging about their fine clothes and the places where they had been entertained.

Beauty was quite unlike them. She was most unselfish and was always trying to help others, and of course she had many friends. She was constantly reading and studying, and she was very devoted to her father and her brothers. When young men came and asked for her hand, she did not turn them away with a haughty reply, but thanking them most politely for thinking so well of her, she told them that as she was still very young, she wished to live a few more years at home with her father.

Now it happened that the merchant lost all of his ships at sea in a great storm, and so his fortune was suddenly swept away. Nothing was left to him but a small house away out in the country. "I am sorry, my dear children," he said, "but we are very poor now and there is nothing left for us to do but to move out upon this farm, and support ourselves by the work of our own hands."

The two elder daughters began to cry and moan, "We do not wish to leave town," they said. "We

have many admirers who will surely marry us, even if we are without a fortune."

But they were greatly mistaken, for their admirers left them, when it was known that they were poor, and they had no friends because they had always been so selfish and spoiled.

"It will do them good to go to the country and take care of the sheep," said everybody. "We are glad to have their pride humbled."

However, the people all spoke very differently of Beauty. "We are indeed sorry for her, dear child," they said. "She was always so gentle and courteous and kind and generous to the poor."

Several of her suitors came and wished to marry her, but she refused, and said, "My father needs me more than ever now that we are so poor, I must go to the country and keep house for him."

So the family moved away to the humble little home in the country, where the merchant and his three sons went right out into the fields and worked hard. Beauty got up at four o'clock in the morning and cooked for them and cleaned the house. She had no one to help her, and she was not used to such tasks. At first it seemed rather difficult, but every day it grew easier, the housework made her stronger and healthier, her cheeks were glowing with color, and she was more beautiful than ever.

When she had finished her household tasks, she

would read or sew, and sometimes she would sing at her spinning, while the big wheel went around, "whir, whir, whir-rr-rr!"

The two selfish sisters would never get up early in the morning. They stayed in bed late, and made Beauty wait upon them. They spent all of their time moping about and grumbling because they could no longer wear grand clothes and go to the balls. When they heard Beauty singing at her work, they would sneer at her and say, "You are so stupid, of course you are content with this miserable way of living. Why you even seem to enjoy it!"

After about a year, the merchant heard that one of his big ships, which he thought had been lost, had come safely into port. When the two older sisters heard this good news, they were very much excited, for now they hoped that they would be able to go back to the town again. As their father was about to leave to go to the port, they begged him to bring them some beautiful new dresses and jewels.

"What shall I bring to you, Beauty?" asked the merchant.

"Why since you are so kind to ask me, dear Father," answered Beauty, "I should like a red rose, for we have no roses growing here and I love them."

Her sisters laughed at her scornfully and mocked her, saying, "A red rose, indeed; such a silly wish!"

The father left his children and went to the far

distant port, where he had a great deal of trouble. He had to go to law about his merchandise, and he started back home as poor as when he went away.

When he was nearing home he found himself in a dense forest, night was coming on and the snow was falling fast, and soon the poor man was lost in the woods. Suddenly he saw a bright light gleaming through the darkness, when following it he came to a magnificent castle, but to his great surprise he found no guards about and no one was to be seen anywhere. His horse went into the stable and found plenty to eat, while his master went into the castle. He wandered from room to room, but could find no attendants. As his clothing was wet he sat down by the fire and warmed himself, and then seeing a good supper spread upon the table, he ate a hearty meal and went to bed.

"I hope that the Lord of this castle and his servants will pardon the liberty I am taking, in making myself so much at home here," he said. "But doubtless they will all appear in the morning!"

Upon awakening he was very much surprised to see a beautiful new suit of clothes in the place where he had left his old ragged mud-stained garments. He went into the banquet hall and there found a table spread with his breakfast. "Truly, this place must belong to a good fairy," he said. "Thank you, whoever you are, for your kindness to me."

The morning was bright and clear and the snow had all melted. As the merchant walked out to the stables for his horse, he went under a bower of roses. Thinking of his daughter, Beauty, and of her request for a rose, he reached up and plucked one for her. No sooner had he done so, than he heard a terrible roar, and a frightful Beast came up to him.

"You ungrateful wretch, you!" roared the Beast. "Last night I saved you from the storm, and now you steal my roses, which I love more than anything else. You shall pay for this rose with your life!"

Throwing himself upon his knees, the poor man began to beg piteously. "Please forgive me, my lord! I did not mean to offend! I wanted to pluck a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me to bring it to her. Do not take my life, my lord!"

"I am not a lord!" growled the Beast, "and I do not like to be flattered. You say that you have daughters? Well, I will forgive you, if one of your daughters will come of her own free will and die in your place. Should she refuse, then you must return in three months."

Now the merchant did not intend to have any of his daughters suffer in his place, but he wanted to go home and say good-by to them, and so he agreed to return in three months.

"Go back to the room in which you slept," growled the Beast, "and there you will find a large

empty trunk. Fill it with whatever you wish, and I will send it to your home."

Returning to the room where he had spent the night, the merchant found a pile of gold pieces, which he put at once into the trunk. "If I must die, then at least my family will be well provided for," said the poor man as he mounted his horse and rode away from the castle.

When he reached home, his children gathered about him to welcome him, but as soon as he saw them, he began to weep. He gave the rose to Beauty, saying sadly, "Take this rose, my child, your unhappy father must pay for it with his life."

As he told his family the whole story of his stay in the castle of the Beast, the two elder sisters began to cry and moan and scold Beauty, who stood silently near by, without shedding a tear.

"You selfish girl!" they stormed. "You do not even weep for our father, when it was your silly wish for a rose that caused him his life!"

"But my father shall not die!" answered Beauty. "So why should I weep and wail? As this monster is willing to accept one of the daughters, I will go myself to him and will save my father's life by giving up my own."

"No, no, Beauty!" shouted her brothers. "You shall not go! We will fight this terrible Beast and overcome him!"

"That is impossible!" said their father. "This Beast is more mighty than you know, and you cannot destroy him. I am getting old and have not many more years to live, so I will go back to him as I have promised."

"When you go, I shall go with you, dear Father," said Beauty firmly. "I am not afraid to die, and I will not have you give up your life to save mine."

That night when the merchant went to his room, he found the trunk which he had filled with gold pieces, but he thought it best not to let his elder daughters know about it, or they would be anxious to return to town, and he wished to stay there quietly in the country.

When the three months were over, the merchant went back to the castle, and in spite of all he could say, his youngest daughter, Beauty, went with him. Their horse took the right road to the castle, and went at once to its place in the stable, while the poor merchant led his daughter into the castle.

This time when he reached the banquet hall he found that the table was spread for two. After supper there was a frightful roar, and the great beast came rushing into the hall. "Did you come of your own free will, fair maiden?" roared the Beast.

"Yes," answered Beauty, but she trembled with fear as she spoke.

"You are good to come here," said the Beast,

"and I am grateful to you. Good man, to-morrow morning you must return to your home, leaving your daughter here in your place. Good night, Beauty."

"Good night, Beast," murmured the poor maiden,

as the Beast walked away.

Again her father begged her to go home and let him pay the penalty, but she refused. In the night she dreamed that a lovely lady came, and bending over her, promised to protect her from all harm.

In the morning, she told her father of her dream, and she comforted him as he kissed her good-by

and started upon his way home.

But when she found herself alone, she went into a room and wept bitterly, for she was very much afraid of the Beast. Soon, however, she dried her eyes and walked about the garden, enjoying the beautiful flowers and listening to the songs of the birds. Then she walked about the castle, and to her great surprise she came to a door, upon which was written, "Beauty's Room." Opening this door, she went into a magnificent apartment, filled with the things which she most enjoyed. A harpsichord with many music books was in one corner of the room, and there at hand she saw a bookcase, filled with many books for her to read. On the table was one large book, upon which was written in letters of gold:

"Wish what you like. Command what you will. You alone are the Queen and Mistress here."

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I have nothing to wish for, because everything is done for my happiness, my only wish would be to see my dear father again."

Then to her great surprise as she glanced in a mirror, she saw a picture of her father as he entered his lowly home. His face looked very sad, but as she watched her two sisters greeting him, she could not see any sorrow upon their faces. In another moment, the picture faded away, but Beauty said to herself, "The Beast is truly kind, or he would not have done this for me. He cannot be planning to take my life very soon, or he would not have provided this apartment with so many things for my pleasure."

At noon she had her luncheon alone, while all the time she heard most charming music, but at night she heard the rumbling voice of the Beast and she shivered and shook with fear.

"Beauty," roared the Beast, "will you allow me to look at you while you dine?"

"You are master here," she answered softly.

"Indeed, no. You are the mistress here, and if you desire it, I will go. But tell me, do you think that I am very ugly?"

"Yes," answered Beauty, "I cannot tell a lie. But I think that you are very good and kind."

After a time Beauty almost lost her fear of the monster and suddenly he frightened her again by growling out, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

"No, oh, no, Beast," murmured the poor girl.

At this the Beast sighed and groaned so, that he shook the whole house and in a mournful voice, he said, "Good night, Beauty."

She whispered tremblingly, "Good night, Beast," as he left the room.

For three months Beauty lived in this splendor. Every evening the Beast came and visited her when she ate her supper, and every time as he was leaving her he would ask her to marry him.

When she told him that she would always be his friend, but that she could not love him, he begged her never to leave him. One morning, when she looked into her magic mirror, she saw that her father was sick, and she felt that she must go to him. She knew that her sisters were married, and that her brothers were away with the army, and she felt troubled to have her father left alone while he was so ill. That evening when the Beast came to call upon her, he found her weeping, and she said, "I shall die with sorrow if you do not let me go home, to see my dear father. He is very weak and ill."

"I would rather die myself than cause you to suffer," answered the Beast. "But I will surely die of grief if you do not return to me, for I love you dearly. Only promise me, Beauty, to return in a week and I will let you go."

Beauty promised that in a week's time she would come back, and the Beast told her that in the morning she would be in her father's home, and when she wished to return, she must put her ring upon her toilet table before she went to bed, and in the morning she would be in the castle once more. Then he said, "Farewell, Beauty," and with a deep sigh he left the room.

The next morning when she awoke, she found herself in her father's home, and he was so rejoiced to see her that he soon recovered. He sent word to her sisters to come and visit them, but when they saw Beauty and her costly clothes and sparkling jewels, they were very jealous of her. They were not happily married, and quarreled all the time with their husbands, and when they heard how kind the Beast had been to Beauty, they secretly made plans to delay her in going back to him when she had promised, for they hoped that the Beast would be angry with Beauty and would destroy her.

Now when the week was over, the two sisters begged Beauty to stay a little longer, and they pretended to feel such sorrow at the idea of her going, that Beauty felt pleased and flattered and decided to stay with them another week, although in her heart she felt that she was not doing right, to stay longer

when she had given her word to the Beast to return in seven days.

On the tenth night Beauty dreamed that she saw the Beast lying in the garden, half dead upon the grass. She awoke with a start and began to cry, "How could I be so cruel to the poor Beast, when he has always been so kind to me. I will go back to him at once."

So putting her ring upon the table, she went to sleep and in the morning, she found herself back in the castle once more. Dressing herself in her most beautiful clothes, she waited impatiently for him to come to her, but at supper time he did not appear.

"Oh, maybe I have killed him by breaking my promise," she moaned, and she roamed all about the castle searching for him, and calling him loudly.

Remembering her dream, she rushed out to the garden, and there on the grass under the rosebush, she found the poor Beast stretched out upon the ground as though he were dead. She found that his heart was still beating, and she brought some water from the fountain and put it upon his head, for he had only fainted. As he opened his eyes, she cried out, "My poor Beast, I am so sorry."

He groaned, "You forgot your promise, so that I knew that you did not love me. In my great grief at losing you, I resolved to starve myself to death,

but now I shall die happy, having seen you once again."

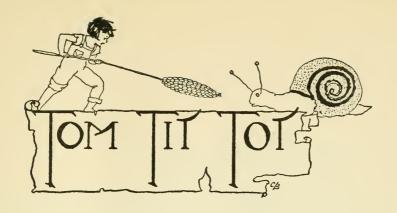
"No, no, you shall not die, my poor Beast!" cried Beauty. "You shall live to be my husband, for now I know that I truly love you!"

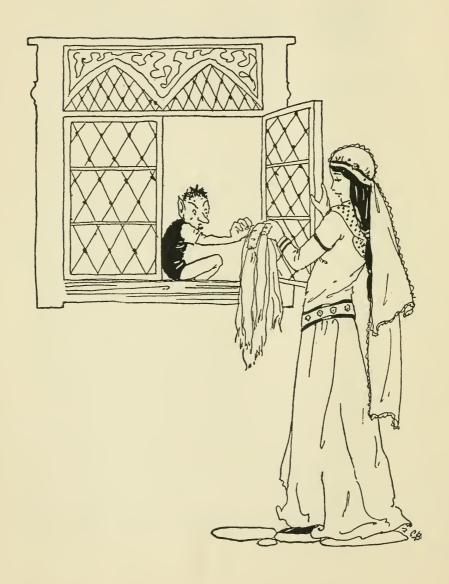
As she said these words, the castle was suddenly ablaze with many lights, and music was heard. She gazed all about her in surprise, and was amazed when she looked down at the ground and found that the Beast had disappeared, and there at her feet a handsome young Prince was kneeling, thanking her for breaking his enchantment.

"But where is my poor Beast?" asked Beauty, anxiously. "I love my poor Beast and I want him."

"You see him at your feet," said the Prince. "Dear Beauty, I was the ugly Beast. A wicked fairy condemned me to remain in the form of a monster until a good maiden would come and love me in spite of my ugliness."

Beauty then gave her hand to the young Prince, who led her into the castle, and there to her great joy stood her own dear father, while the subjects of the young Prince, suddenly appeared and all rejoiced that their Prince had come to rule over them once more. Then Beauty married the Prince and all his life he was grateful to his beautiful Princess, and so they all lived happily ever after.





TOM TIT TOT

NCE upon a time there was a good woman and she lived in a little house, all alone with her daughter. One day she baked five pies, but when she took

them out of the oven, she found that the crusts were too hard to eat, so she said to her daughter, "Put the pies on a shelf and by and by they will come again."

Now by that she meant that the crust would get soft again, if the pies stood for a time.

The girl took the pies into the pantry and put them in a row upon a shelf. As she looked at them she thought how good they would taste.

"Well, if those pies will come again," she said to herself, "I may as well eat them now." So she ate them all first and last.

At supper time the woman said, "Go and get one of the pies; I am sure that they have come again by this time."

The daughter went to the pantry, and there were the five pie plates just as she had left them, empty. Then she went back to her mother and said: "No, they have not come again."

"Not one of them?" asked the mother.

"No, not one of them," answered the girl.

"Well, come again or not, I will eat one of them for my supper," said the old woman, as she started toward the pantry.

"But how can you have one of them when they

have not come again?" said the girl.

"I can and I will," the woman answered. "I will eat the best one right now for my supper."

"Best or worst," the daughter said, "I have eaten them all, and you cannot have one until they come again."

The old woman was so astonished that she forgot all about her supper, she carried her spinning to the doorway, and she said over and over:—

"My daughter has eaten five, five pies to-day!"
My daughter has eaten five, five pies to-day!"

Now the King was coming down the road, and he heard the woman singing, but he could not understand the words of her song. So he stopped in front of the door and he said, "My good woman, what were you singing?"

Now the old woman was very much ashamed of her greedy daughter, so she changed her song, and sang:— "My daughter has spun five, five skeins to-day!"

My daughter has spun five, five skeins to-day!"

"What!" exclaimed the King. "How amazing. I never heard of anyone who could do that."

Then he said, "My good woman, I am in search of an industrious girl for a wife, and I would like to marry your daughter. For eleven months of the year, I will give her all the fine clothes that she wants to wear and all the food that she can eat, but the twelfth month she must spin five skeins every day, or off will go her head."

"All right," said the woman, for she thought, "What a grand marriage this will be, and as for the five skeins, by that time he will have forgotten it."

So they were married, and for eleven months the girl ruled as Queen and she wore the most beautiful clothes, and she had all the food she liked to eat. The King never said a word about the five skeins which she must spin, and as the time passed by, the girl hoped that he had forgotten about it. But the last day of the last month, he took her into a little room that she had never seen before. There was nothing in this room but a spinning wheel and a stool.

"Now, my dear, here you must stay all day tomorrow, with some food and some flax, and if you have not kept your word and have not spun the five skeins by night, off will go your head." Then he closed the door, and went away about his business.

Well, the girl was so frightened that she did not know what to do, for she had always been lazy, and had not learned how to spin. She sat down on the stool and began to cry. My, how she did cry! All of a sudden she was startled by hearing a knock, knock, knocking, low down upon the door. She opened the door and what do you think she saw? Why, there stood an ugly little black thing, with a long black tail. He looked at her for a moment and said, "What are you crying about?"

"What's that to you?" she answered crossly.

"Never you mind," he said. "But tell me what you are crying about, and maybe I can help you."

"Well," she said, "it won't do any harm."

So she told him all about the pies she had eaten and the story her mother had told to the King about the skeins and everything just as it had happened.

"I can spin," said the little black thing, twisting his long black tail. "I will tell you what I will do. Every morning I will come to your window and get your flax and bring it back all spun into the five skeins at night."

"What's your pay?" she asked.

He looked at her out of the corner of his eyes. "Every night I will give you three guesses to guess

my name, and if you have not guessed it before the month is up, then you shall be mine."

Well, she thought that she could surely guess it before the month was over, so she said, "All right, I agree."

"Very well, it is a bargain then," he answered, and he twisted and he twirled his long, long tail.

The next day the King left her in the room with the day's food and the flax. "Here is your flax," said he, "and if that is not spun by night, then off goes your head," and he locked the door and went away.

As soon as the King had gone there came the knock, knock, knocking, against the window. She opened it, and sure enough there was the same little black thing, with the long, long tail, sitting upon the window ledge.

"Where is the flax?" he asked.

"Here it is," she said. "The King told me that it must be all spun into skeins by evening, or I must die."

The little black imp took the flax and in the evening he returned with it, all beautifully spun into five skeins. "Here is your flax," he said, as he gave it to her. Now what is my name?"

"Can it be Bill?" she asked.

"No, it is not," said he, and he twirled and twisted his long, long tail.

"Well, is it Ned, then?" she asked.

"No, it is not Ned," he answered.

"Well, then is it Marks?"

"No, it is not!" he shrieked, and he twirled and twisted his tail faster and faster, and climbing out of the window he flew far away.

When her husband came in, she gave him the five skeins.

"Well, I see that you have done your task," he said. "So you will not have to lose your head tonight." Then he went away and left her locked in the room.

Well, every day the flax and the food were brought to her room, and every day the little black thing came in the morning and took the flax and returned the skeins in the evening, and all day long the poor girl tried to think of names to say to him, when he came back at night, but she never guessed the right one.

As it drew near the end of the month, the little imp looked so ugly, that she was very much afraid of him. Finally it came to the last day but one, the poor girl was so frightened that she didn't know what to do. When the imp brought the skeins that night, he began to mock her, "What, can't you guess my name yet?" he asked.

"Is it Nicodemus?"

"No, it is not," he answered.

"Is it Samuel, then?"

"No, it is not," he answered.

"Well, can it be Methusalem?" said she.

"No, it is not," said he, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire, and grinning at her, he cried, "Woman, there is only one more night, and then you will be mine." He twirled and twisted his tail, and then suddenly flew out of the window.

The poor girl was so frightened that she did not know what to do. However, she heard the King coming to her room, and so she had to pretend that she was all right.

Now when he came in and saw the five skeins, he was in such a happy humor, that he said, "Well, my dear, I don't see but you will have your five skeins ready to-morrow night as well, and so I think that I will not have to kill you. I will take my supper in here with you to-night."

So the servant brought the supper into the little room, and the King had hardly eaten a mouthful before he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" she cried.

"Oh, to-day, when I was out hunting in the forest, I saw the funniest sight. I was near an old chalk pit and I heard the queerest humming and humming coming up from the pit. So I got down from my horse and crept over to the edge of the pit without making a sound, and when I looked down, I

saw the strangest little black thing, with a long, black tail. He was sitting at a little spinning wheel, and was spinning so fast that I could hardly see the wheel, and all the while he sang over and over again in a shrill little voice:

"Nimmy, nimmy not;
My name is Tom Tit Tot."

When the girl heard this she was so happy, that she laughed also; but she did not tell the King why she was laughing, and he thought it was because he had told her such an amusing story.

The next day the little, black imp looked very ugly when he came for his flax, and when night came, and she heard the knocking on the window-pane, she opened the window quickly and in he bounced, right into the room. He was grinning from ear to ear and was twirling and twisting his long tail. "What's my name?" he asked in a mocking voice.

"Is it Solomon?" she said, pretending to be very frightened.

"No, it is not."

"Well, is it Zebedee?"

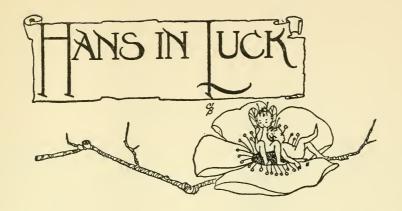
"No, it is not." Then he grinned and grinned, and twisted and twirled his tail very fast. "Take time, woman," he said. "The next guess and you

are mine," and he stretched out his ugly black hands at her.

She backed away a step or two, and looking him right in the eye, she pointed her finger at him, and said, "Nimmy, nimmy not, your name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when that black thing heard her, he gave an awful shriek, and flew away into the dark, and he has never, never been seen since.







HANS IN LUCK

NCE upon a time, there was a young man named Hans, who had served his master for seven long years.

One day, Hans came to his master, and said, "Master, my time is up; I want to go home to

my mother; please give me my wages."

"Hans, you have served me faithfully and well," answered his master, "and as the service has been, so shall the wages be," and he gave Hans a great lump of gold as big as his head.

"Thank you, Master," said Hans, "I am indeed in luck!" and, taking out his handkerchief, he tied up the gold, slung the bundle over his shoulder and started on his homeward journey.

As Hans walked lazily along the road, dragging one foot after the other, he met a man who was trotting along gayly on a prancing horse.

"A-ha," cried Hans, quite loud enough to be heard by the man, "what a fine thing it is to own a horse! Riding must be such fun. You are as comfortable as if you were sitting in a chair. You don't stumble over stones, you can save your shoes, and

you get over the road without knowing how." "Well, boy," laughed the horseman, who had heard every word, "why do you go on foot, then?"

"Because I can't help myself; I have no horse," answered Hans. "I have this large lump of gold to carry and it is so heavy that I can hardly hold my head up; it weighs down my shoulders terribly."

"I can help you," said the horseman. "I'll tell you what to do. We will exchange. I will give you my horse and you can give me your bundle of gold."

"With all my heart," agreed Hans, "but you will

find the gold a heavy burden."

The horseman got off his horse and, taking the gold, helped Hans upon the saddle and put the bridle into his hands. "When you want to go very fast, boy, all you need to do is to click your tongue and cry, "Gee-up! Gee-up!"

"Thank you! thank you! I am indeed in luck," called Hans as he trotted away from the man. He was very happy as he sat on his horse and rode merrily along. "This is much finer than plodding along the dusty road," laughed Hans. He was so pleased that he thought it would be fine fun to ride faster, so he began to click with his tongue and cry, "Gee-up! Gee-up!" Away went the horse at full gallop. Before Hans knew where he was, the horse had thrown him into a ditch by the roadside.

Now, the horse would have run away, but a

farmer, coming along the road leading a cow, caught the horse for Hans. Hans jumped to his feet and was so angry at his horse that he said, "Riding is poor sport when you have a horse like mine that stumbles and flings one into a ditch. I was lucky not to break my neck. However, I will never ride that horse again. I think your cow is much better than my horse. You can walk along comfortably behind her. She gives you milk every day and you have butter and cheese into the bargain. My, what would I not give for a cow like that!"

"Well," said the farmer, "since you have taken such a fancy to her, I will exchange my cow for

your horse."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hans, "I am indeed in luck!"

The man gave Hans the cow and, jumping upon the horse, he was soon out of sight. Hans drove his cow peacefully along the road.

"What a lucky bargain I have made, to be sure," he said. "Now, I shall always have butter and cheese to eat with my bread, and, whenever I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and have a nice drink of milk. What more can anyone desire?"

The day grew warmer and warmer and, as Hans drove his cow along the dusty road, he was so tired and thirsty that his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. "Well, I can soon help that,"

said Hans. "Why should I go thirsty? I will milk my cow and have some nice, fresh milk to drink!"

He tied the cow to a tree and, as he had no pail, used his leather cap instead, but not a drop of milk could he get. He was so clumsy at the milking that, suddenly, the cow grew impatient and, switching her tail, she first slapped him in the face, then kicked him on the forehead with one of her hind legs. Hans was stunned by the blow and fell senseless to the ground, lying there for some time without knowing where he was, or what had happened to him.

Luckily for him, a butcher came along the road, trundling a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped poor Hans to stand upon his feet. Hans told him all that had happened. "That cow will give you no milk," said the butcher, "she is old and good-for-

nothing, except to be killed for meat."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned poor Hans. "Now, whoever would have thought it? To be sure, she can be killed by the butcher and I can have some meat, but I don't like cow's beef; it is not tender enough for me. If I only had a nice young pig, now, like your pig. It would be so much better eating, for it would make good sausages."

"Listen, boy," said the butcher; "for your sake I will exchange and give you the pig for the cow."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hans, "I am in-

deed in luck! You are truly a good friend to me." So Hans gave the cow to the butcher and he, untying the pig from the wheelbarrow, gave the string to Hans who went on, leading the pig.

As he jogged along the road he said to himself, "How lucky I am to have such a fine, fat pig, and

how well everything has turned out for me!"

Soon after this he met a lad carrying a big, white goose. "Good day," said Hans.

"Good day to you," answered the lad. "Where are

vou going?"

Hans told the lad all of his luck and what good bargains he had made. "Where are you taking your goose?" asked Hans.

"Oh, to a christening," answered the lad. "Just feel how big and fat it is. I have been stuffing it for eight weeks. Whoever roasts and eats this goose will wipe the fat from his mouth."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Hans, as he weighed the goose in his hands. "Your goose is heavy, but my

pig is no lightweight, either."

Then the lad looked gravely at Hans and said, "Now, look here, friend, I am sorry to frighten you, but I think that pig will get you into trouble, for it looks to me like one which was stolen the other day from the squire of the village where I've come from, and if you go into the village leading that pig they will think you are the thief and punish you."

Poor Hans was very much frightened when he heard this. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! whatever shall I do?" he moaned. "Do help me out of this trouble. You know this part of the country better than I do, so please take my pig, and give me your goose."

"Well, I shall run some risk myself, if I do," answered the lad, "but I will be glad to help you out of this scrape." So he took the rope in his hand, and quickly drove the pig down a side road, hardly waiting for Hans to thank him.

Hans took the goose on his arm and plodded along down the road. "After all, I am in luck, for I have the better of the bargain," said Hans. "First, my mother and I will enjoy this delicious roast goose, and then all the fat that will drip out of it will keep us in goose fat for some time and, last of all, there are the beautiful, soft, white feathers with which I can stuff my pillow. How delighted my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village, he came to a knife grinder. The man was singing as he worked, while his wheel whirled busily around in time to the tune.

"Scissors and knives I can grind with great skill As my wheel turns round and never stands still. With a buzz, buzz, buzz and a whirr, whirr To earn a good living one need never stir." Hans stopped and watched the man as he worked. "You must be earning a good living to be so happy in your work," said Hans.

"Yes," answered the man, "my work is very easy and it brings me plenty of money. Mine is a fine trade, for a good grinder can always find money whenever he puts his hand into his pocket. But tell me, where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it," answered Hans, "I exchanged my pig for it."

"And where did you get the pig?"

"Oh, I got that instead of my cow."

"And the cow?"

"I gave my horse for it."

"And where did you get your horse?"

"I gave a lump of gold as big as my head for it."

"And where did you get the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven long years of service."

"You seem to know how to manage pretty well. Now, if you could put money into your pockets every day, your fortune would be made."

"But how can I do that?" asked Hans, eagerly.

"You must be a knife grinder like me. I can give you a grindstone, if you wish. This one is rather the worse for wear and you need not give me anything in exchange but your goose. Are you willing?" "How can you ask such a question!" gasped Hans. "Why, I should be the happiest person in the world if I could have some money every time I put my hand in my pocket. I shall never need to worry again. Here, take my goose." So Hans gave the grinder the goose and received the grindstone.

"Thank you! Thank you!" exclaimed Hans. "I am certainly the luckiest fellow in the world!" He took the grindstone and went on his way rejoicing. "I must have been born under a lucky star," he said to himself; "everything happens just as I want."

In the meantime he had traveled so far that he was becoming very tired, and the stone was so heavy that it hurt his back. At last he could go no farther and stopped to rest at the edge of a pond. As he was very thirsty, he carefully laid the stone down on the bank and stooped over to drink but, in doing so, he carelessly pushed the stone a little and "splash!" it fell into the pond.

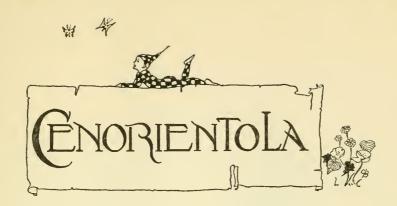
When Hans watched it sink he was so glad that he did not have to carry it any more that he jumped up joyously and cried: "I am the luckiest person in the world to get rid of that heavy stone. How happy and thankful I should be, for no one was ever so lucky as I am."

So, free from care and trouble, and with a very light heart, Hans went home to his mother.



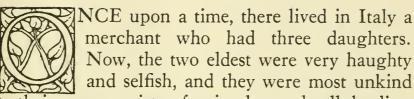
"Dear bird Verdelio, make me homelier than I am." [See page 58]







CENORIENTOLA



to their younger sister, forcing her to do all the dirty work in the house, and keeping her out of sight in the kitchen. They called her Cenorientola or, as we would say, Cinderella, and they mocked at her, saying, "You are nothing but a dirty little cinder wench; always sitting by the fire among the soot and ashes."

One time, when the father was leaving home to go upon a journey to trade in foreign lands he said, "What presents shall I bring to you when I return?"

The eldest daughter answered, "I want some precious jewels."

The second daughter said, "Bring me a silken shawl embroidered with flowers."

But the youngest daughter said, "Oh, please, dear Papa, bring me a little bird."

"A little bird!" laughed her haughty sisters. "Why should you wish for a little bird?"

"It would sing to me when I am lonely," answered Cenorientola.

"You little silly!" mocked the sisters. "Papa will be busy trading his merchandise; he has no time to get you a little bird."

"Dear Papa," pleaded the poor girl, "you will bring me a little bird? I know that you will not forget me. Something tells me that if you do not bring the bird, the boat you are on will move neither forward nor back."

Promising his daughters that he would remember their gifts, the merchant went on his long journey to the far country; but, after he had done all of his trading, he forgot about the little bird.

He went upon the ship to go home, but the boat would not move. Finally the merchant remembered the words of his youngest daughter, and he told the captain how he had broken his word to her.

"Why, if all you need is a little bird," said the good captain, "I can tell you where to get one. Right near the shore, in a garden, there are thousands of birds, and if you will take this little wooden cage, and go through that gate, you can easily catch one and carry it away."

Now you must know, children, that this was a magic garden, and the birds were fairies. So, when the merchant caught a fairy bird, and brought it on board the ship, the captain was able to sail

away; and the merchant returned home in safety.

The elder daughters eagerly seized the presents which he brought and hardly thanked him for them. The eldest daughter put on her precious jewels, while the second daughter draped the silken shawl about her and strutted to and fro like a peacock.

"You have come just in time, Papa," they said, "for to-night we are going to a ball given by the King." Then turning to the younger sister they sneered at her, "Silly little cinder wench; you have no fine clothes, so you can stay at home and sit by the cinders, and may your bird keep you company."

Cenorientola did not heed their mocking words for she was so happy with her bird. Hugging and kissing her father she said, "I shall name my bird 'Verdelio,' and now I shall never be lonely again."

After the father had taken the two haughty sisters to the ball, Cenorientola listened to the song of her bird, and she seemed to know that the bird was a fairy. So she said very softly, "Dear bird Verdelio, please make me more beautiful than I am, and give me some lovely clothes so that I may throw aside my rags."

The bird began to chirp and sing and, instantly, her rags were gone and Cenorientola was dressed in a robe of cloth-of-silver, set with jewels sparkling like the stars in the sky. Upon her feet she had some silver slippers. Then the fairy bird gave her a purse

of money and a beautiful bracelet, and a splendid coach with prancing horses, and footman and coachman, and everything else that was needed.

Upon reaching the palace of the King she went into the great dancing hall and everyone gazed at the beautiful Princess in her silver robes. The happiness shining in her eyes made her so beautiful that the King fell in love with her at once and would not look at anyone else.

Her two haughty sisters were sure that she was a Princess and, when she spoke to them in a gracious manner, they were very happy to have this attention. Drawing out her handkerchief she dropped her bracelet before her eldest sister and, when her sister returned it to her, Cenorientola said, courteously, "Keep it for yourself, Signorina, as a gift of love from me."

Cenorientola left the ballroom before twelve o'clock, for she felt that she must be home before her family returned.

The King sent some riders to follow her and find out where she lived. But, taking some money from her purse and throwing it from the carriage window, she stopped these pursuers. They were greedy to pick up the money and so she returned home without being discovered.

She went at once to her bird and said, "Dear bird Verdelio, make me homelier than I am." And

again she was dressed in her rags, and her fine clothes had vanished. She sat by the fire to wait and watch for her sisters.

When they returned from the ball, they were very much excited about the lovely Princess who had been there, and the eldest sister said, "She spoke with us and she honored me by giving me this beautiful bracelet."

Cenorientola yawned, saying, "How I wish I might go to a ball and see this Princess dancing with the King."

"You, indeed!" mocked her sisters. "You had better stay where you belong in the soot and the ashes."

The next day Cenorientola worked very hard helping her sisters to get ready for the second ball given by the King. When they were gone she said to the bird, "Dear bird Verdelio, please give me some beautiful clothes and I will give you my rags."

Instantly the bird began to sing, and the rags dropped from Cenorientola, and she was dressed in a gown of gold sparkling with glistening gems, with golden slippers upon her feet.

This time the bird gave her a bag of sand saying, "If you are followed by riders to-night, throw sand out of the carriage window."

Entering her coach, she drove away to the palace and again the King danced with her and would

favor no one else. This time she spoke graciously to her sisters and, as before, she drew forth her hand-kerchief, dropping from her pocket a beautiful necklace of corals. The second sister picked it up and gave it to her and she replied, courteously, "Keep it for yourself, Signorina, as my gift to you." And then she was gone.

Just as before, the riders sent by the King followed after her coach, but she threw sand in their eyes and they were so blinded by the sand that they lost the way. So she reached home without being discovered.

"Dear bird Verdelio, make me homelier than I am," she said; and instantly her golden garments vanished, and she was clothed in rags.

When her sisters returned they found her sitting in the cinders. They were very much excited about the beautiful Princess, and the second sister said, "Just see this beautiful coral necklace which she gave to me! Was not that an honor? To-night she was dressed all in cloth-of-gold, sparkling like the sunbeams, and the King was so in love with her that he would dance with no one else."

"How I should like to see the Princess," murmured Cenorientola.

"You, indeed!" mocked her sisters. "You dirty little ragamuffin; you look like going to a ball!"

On the third night the haughty sisters dressed in

their most gorgeous gowns. Cenorientola worked hard arranging their hair and helping them dress, and she was tired when they had gone.

Then she looked up at her bird and said, "Dear bird Verdelio, please give me some beautiful clothes, and I will give you my rags."

This time the bird gave her a most wonderful costume, for she was dressed in a robe radiant as the rainbow, studded with sparkling gems of every hue, and on her head she wore a crown of diamonds and opals, while her slippers were of crystal with diamond clasps.

When she reached the palace, the King was more in love with her than ever, and he would look at no one else. She sat by him during the royal banquet, and he said to her, "My fair Princess, I love you. Will you not tell me your name?"

"They call me Cenorientola, your Majesty," she answered humbly.

"Cenorientola," replied the King. "I never heard that name before, but it is a very pretty name. Where do you live, Cenorientola?"

But Cenorientola would not answer that question.

As soon as she could, she excused herself to the King and went over and stood near her father. As she drew forth her handkerchief she dropped a snuffbox filled with gold pieces. Picking it up, he

tried to return it to her, but she said, "Keep it for yourself, Signor, as a gift from me."

But before he could murmur "Many thanks, Signorina," she was gone. Opening the snuffbox he was very much surprised to find that it was filled with gold pieces.

Entering her carriage, she drove home in haste.

This time the King had threatened his riders with death if they failed to find out where she lived. When she saw them following her on horseback and found that she had nothing to throw to them, she was very much frightened, for she knew that this time she would be discovered.

As she ran up the stairs she dropped one of her crystal slippers, which the riders picked up and brought to the King, telling him exactly where she lived.

Cenorientola rushed into her house and said to the bird, "Dear bird Verdelio, make me homelier than I am."

Instantly her rainbow robes and jewels dropped from her and she was dressed all in rags, but the bird chirped shrilly at her: "You have lost one crystal slipper, so you soon will be discovered!"

Hiding the other slipper in a pocket of her ragged dress, Cenorientola sat down among the cinders and began to cry in earnest.

"Poor Cenorientola," said the father. "She is

worn out waiting for us each night. Look, my dear, see the snuffbox given to me by the beautiful Princess. Was it not an honor?"

But Cenorientola, with the tears running down her cheeks, ran from the room crying, "Oh, dear, if I only could have gone to a ball!"

The very next day the King sent his courtiers to find the owner of the crystal slipper. One of the riders brought them directly to the home of the merchant and said, "This is the place where her carriage stopped last night, so let us seek her here."

When the two haughty daughters heard the errand upon which the courtiers had come, they were very much excited. "You say that his Majesty will wed the one who can wear this crystal slipper, and that she lives in this house?" said the eldest sister, as she tried on the crystal slipper. She squeezed and squeezed her foot. "See, it just fits me," she said. But they all could see that the crystal slipper was much too small, and she had to give up in despair.

The second sister tried also, but the slipper would not fit her, either.

"Well, there must be another maiden in the house," said the riders, "for we saw her run in here, and we found this slipper upon the steps. Have you then no sister?"

The sisters turned away, shrugging their shoul-

ders in disgust. "We have a sister, but she is a dirty little cinder wench and sits by the fire all day; she never went to a ball! She cannot try on the crystal

slipper; she would only soil it."

"Nevertheless, she shall try it on," said one of the courtiers, "for his Majesty the King will have no other bride but the owner of the slipper. He has ordered that every one in the city must try it on, until we find the rightful owner, and if we fail in this quest we shall be put to death." So the courtiers went out into the kitchen and found poor, frightened Cenorientola sitting in her chimney corner. They tried on the crystal slipper and, to the surprise of all, it fitted her perfectly.

From the pocket of her ragged gown Cenorientola drew forth the mate, and put this crystal slipper upon her other foot. Then suddenly her rags were gone and she was dressed all in royal robes with a golden crown, sparkling with diamonds and opals, upon her fair head, while her bird began to trill and

to sing:

"In gorgeous raiment she is seen, For Cenorientola is our Queen."

Her haughty sisters were very much ashamed when they saw that she was the same Princess who had been so kind to them at the ball. Falling upon their knees they begged her to forgive them.

She forgave them readily and, with her father and her bird, took them to the palace of the King.

When the King saw her again he was very happy and, when he heard her called Cenorientola, he said, "Yes, that is the very name she gave me at the ball. Beautiful Cenorientola, I love you, and you shall be my Queen!"

Then they had a magnificent wedding, and the feasting lasted for many, many days. Cenorientola married her two sisters to noblemen, but her father and her bird lived with her at the palace and again and again she would hear her bird singing:

"Cenorientola is our Queen; No one fairer can be seen, For Cenorientola is our Queen."







THE TWELVE MONTHS

Katinka.

NCE upon a time there lived a poor widow who had two daughters. The elder daughter was named Dobrunka and the younger daughter was named

Now Dobrunka was always kind and willing to help others, but her sister Katinka was always cross and fretful. She was so snarly that her face soon became covered with ugly wrinkles, while Dobrunka was always so happy that her face became more beautiful every day.

Strange as it may seem, the mother did not like the good daughter Dobrunka, for the mother was very ill-natured herself—just like Katinka; and so she petted and spoiled the ugly daughter Katinka, and was very cross to poor Dobrunka.

Dobrunka had all the work of the house to do. She had to cook and wash and sweep and scrub, and sew and spin. When she had finished her housework, she had to cut the grass and take care of the cow, and work in the garden; but she never com-

plained. The lazy Katinka did nothing to help and just ordered her sister to wait upon her.

One cold day in January, when Katinka, all wrapped in a shawl, was seated near the fire, she suddenly took a fancy for some violets.

"Dobrunka, Dobrunka!" she called. "Go up the mountain side and pick me a bunch of violets."

Dobrunka was very busy sweeping the house, but she stopped in amazement and said to her idle sister:

"Why, sister, what an idea! You must know that there are no violets on the mountain side now. The flowers are all asleep under the snow!"

"Hold your tongue, you stupid!" scolded Katinka. "Do as I bid you! If you do not bring me the violets, I shall beat you! Mother, oh, Mother, make Dobrunka do as I say!"

The mother, without asking the reason, took the poor Dobrunka by the arm, pushed her out of the house and locked and bolted the door.

Dobrunka ran into the forest crying. She did not know which way to turn. Everything was covered with snow. She started to climb up the mountain. Far away upon the mountain top she saw a light, and she went on and on, climbing higher and higher, until at last she reached the top of a huge rock, upon which a fire had been built. Around the fire were twelve stones, and on each stone sat a motionless figure wrapped in a large mantle, his

head covered over with a hood which almost fell over his eyes.

Three of these mantles were white like the snow in winter, three were green like the green grass in the springtime, three were golden like the golden grain of the summer, and three were purple like the ripe grapes in the autumn.

Now you must know, children, that these twelve men were the twelve months of the year. Father January had a long white beard and was dressed in a long white mantle. In his hand he held a staff which he waved over the fire for, at that time, Father January was ruling all the world.

Dobrunka was terribly frightened when she saw these men and said in a timid voice, "My good sirs, please may I warm myself by your fire? I am so cold."

January nodded his head. "Yes, you may, my child," he answered kindly. "But why have you come here and what do you seek?"

"I am looking for violets," replied Dobrunka.

"Go home, my child! This is not the season for violets. This is the time for ice and snow!" said January, in a gruff voice.

"Oh, I know it, Father January, and I did not want to come; but my sister Katinka will have violets and, if I bring home no violets, she will be angry and then she and my mother will beat me. Oh, please, good sirs, can you not help me to find them?"

Father January felt sorry for the poor girl and, turning to a young man dressed in a green mantle, he put the staff in his hand and said, "Brother March, this is your work."

March took the staff and waved it over the fire. The flames rose and the snow and ice melted, the leaves came out on the trees and the grass turned green. Little flowers peeped out and the violets opened their sleepy eyes, for spring had come.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your violets," said March.

Dobrunka gathered a large bunch of violets and said, "Thank you, March; thank you, Father January."

March gave the staff to January and, when January waved it over the fire, the violets and the green grass were gone and the ground was again all covered with ice and snow.

Dobrunka ran home joyfully and gave the violets to her selfish sister.

"Where did you find them, Dobrunka?" asked Katinka.

"Up on the mountain side," answered her sister. "They were so beautiful! They looked like a big blue carpet under the bushes."

"I told you that you could find them if you would

look, but you are always so selfish; you never want to do anything for anyone else," snarled Katinka. "Give them here, Dobrunka!"

Katinka took all the violets and pinned them upon herself. She did not give Dobrunka one violet, nor did she say "Thank you." She just rocked back and forth by the fire and said, "I always did like violets in January! I knew you could find them if you would look."

Dobrunka watched her selfish sister and then said quietly, "Now, I hope you will be satisfied."

"Oh, I don't know; maybe to-morrow I may want something else," snapped the spoiled sister.

The very next day the selfish Katinka said, "Dobrunka, Dobrunka, go up on the mountain side and bring me some strawberries!"

"Why, sister, what an idea! There are no strawberries to be found under the snow."

"Hold your tongue and do as I bid you. If you do not bring me the strawberries I will beat you. You found the violets, didn't you? Well, now look for the strawberries. Mother, Mother, make Dobrunka do as I say!"

Again the cross mother took the good girl by the arm and pushed her out of the house and bolted the door, and again poor Dobrunka wandered through the snow and climbed the mountain side.

Soon she came again to the place where the twelve

months of the year were seated upon the twelve stones.

"My good sirs," said Dobrunka, "may I please warm myself by your fire? I am almost frozen with the cold."

"Why have you returned?" asked Father January, sternly, "and what are you looking for now?"

"I am looking for strawberries," answered Dobrunka, timidly.

"This is not the season for strawberries. This is the time of ice and snow! Go home, my child!" said January in a gruff voice.

"I know it, I know it!" answered the poor girl, beginning to cry. "But my sister Katinka will have the strawberries and if I return without them she and my mother will beat me. Oh, please, good sirs, will you not help me to find the berries?"

Father January felt sorry for the poor girl and handed the staff to a young man in a golden mantle, saving, "June, this is your work."

June took the staff and waved it over the fire and behold, the snow melted, the grass turned green, the trees were covered with leaves, the birds sang and the flowers opened. It was summer! Little white blossoms like tiny stars suddenly covered the ground; then they turned to red strawberries looking, with their green cups, like rubies set in emeralds.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your strawberries!" said June.

Dobrunka picked the berries rapidly until she had filled her apron. Then she said, "Thank you, June, thank you! Thank you, Father January!"

June gave the staff to January and, as January waved it over the fire, the green grass, the trees, the flowers and birds, even the strawberris were all gone, and the ground was once more covered with ice and snow.

Dobrunka ran home joyfully and there, huddled over the fire, sat the selfish Katinka. She was very much astonished when she saw the strawberries and, when she smelled their fragrance, she reached out for them saying, "Where did you find them, Dobrunka?"

"Up yonder, on the mountain side. There were so many there that they looked like drops of blood upon the ground."

"I told you that you could find them if you would look. But you are always so selfish; you never want to do anything for anyone else. Give them here, Dobrunka." And the selfish sister and her mother ate all of the berries. They did not even give one little berry to Dobrunka, nor did they say "Thank you."

"How I do love strawberries in winter!" said Katinka. "I never tasted such good berries. I knew

you could find them but you did not want to look."

Dobrunka watched her selfish sister as she rocked to and fro by the fire, eating and eating the red berries. Then she said very quietly, "Now, I hope that you are satisfied."

"Well, I don't know," answered Katinka. "We shall see; perhaps to-morrow I may think of something else."

The next day the selfish Katinka said, "Dobrunka, Dobrunka, go up on the mountain side and bring me some red, rosy-cheeked apples."

"Oh, sister! Ask something within reason," said Dobrunka. "This is not the time for apples; it is the season for ice and snow."

"Hold your tongue, you stupid!" snapped Katinka. "You do as I bid you. You went before and found the violets and then again and found the strawberries; now go and find the apples or I will beat you. Mother, Mother, make Dobrunka do as I say!"

Again the mother pushed the good girl out of the house and bolted the door, and again Dobrunka wandered up on the mountain side. Just as before she came to the top of the mountain where the twelve months were seated upon the twelve stones around the fire.

"Why are you here again, my child?" said Father January, sternly, "and what do you seek this time?"

Poor Dobrunka was so ashamed that she covered her face with her hands and began to cry.

"Please forgive me, Father January, for coming so often, but this time my sister Katinka would have the red, rosy-cheeked apples, and they will beat me if I return without them."

Father January felt very sorry for the poor child. This time handing the staff to a young man in a purple mantle he said, "September, this is your work!"

September waved the staff over the fire. The flames rose, the snow melted, the trees put on their leaves of red and yellow and brown, which were blown about by the wind, for it was autumn. The only flowers were a few late asters and daisies. Dobrunka then saw an apple tree covered with red, rosy-cheeked apples.

"Make haste and shake the tree, my child," commanded September.

Dobrunka shook the tree and an apple fell; she shook it again and a second apple fell to the ground.

"That is enough, Dobrunka," said September. "Make haste and go home!"

"Thank you, thank you, September!" said Dobrunka. "Thank you, thank you, Father January! I hope that I shall never have to come here again to trouble you."

January took the staff from September and waved

it over the fire. The apple tree, with its fruit, was all gone and the ground was once more covered with ice and snow.

Dobrunka ran home joyfully and there, huddled over the fire, sat the selfish Katinka, who was very much astonished when she saw the red, rosy-cheeked apples. Reaching out her hand for them she asked, "Where did you get these apples, Dobrunka?"

"Up yonder on the mountain side. There was a tree there which was fairly laden with them."

"Give me those apples," said the greedy Katinka. "Why did you bring only two? You ate the rest on the way home!"

"Oh, no, sister!" answered Dobrunka. "I never touched them. I was only permitted to shake the tree twice and but two apples fell."

The greedy Katinka and her mother ate the apples. They did not offer Dobrunka even one little bite, nor did they say "Thank you" to Dobrunka.

"I knew that you could get nice rosy-cheeked apples, but you did not want to go," snarled Katinka. "And then you bring home only two apples when there was a whole tree full. You selfish thing, you!"

"Really, Katinka, I was permitted to shake the tree only twice, as I told you, and only two apples fell."

"You simpleton! Do you expect me to believe

that?" snapped the angry Katinka. "Mother, Mother, give me my warm fur cloak. I will go up the mountain side myself and find that tree and have all the apples I want."

The mother tried to stop her, but a spoiled child never listens to reason. Katinka put on her fur cloak and her warm hood and climbed up the mountain side. She climbed and climbed, higher and higher, until at last she reached the place where the twelve men were seated upon the twelve stones. Without asking their permission to come near to their fire, she forced her way right among them.

"Why have you come here, and what do you seek, and where are you going?" asked Father January, speaking to her just as he had spoken to Dobrunka.

"What is that to you?" answered the saucy Katinka. "It is none of your business where I come from, or where I am going, but, if you really must know, I have come up here to find some apples."

Father January answered sternly, "This is not the season for apples; this is the time for ice and snow."

"Well, I guess my sister found apples up here, and strawberries and violets, also. If she can find them, I guess I can, too. You stupid old idiot, you!"

Father January was very angry. He frowned at the wicked girl and waved his staff high over the flames. The sky grew dark, the fire went out, the snow fell and the wind blew. Katinka was frightened. She started to go down the mountain side, but the snow was falling and the wind was blowing. Her eyes were blinded by the snow and she could not find the way home. She was lost and wandered in the forest as the terrible blizzard raged about her. The snow fell and the wind blew and she fell motionless in the snow. Still the snow fell and still the wind blew.

The mother went from the door to the window and from the window to the door. As the weary hours passed and Katinka did not return she became frightened. "I must go out and search for my darling daughter," she cried. So, putting on her warm fur cloak and hood, she hastened out into the storm.

Everything was covered with snow. She plunged into the forest, calling for her daughter, but she could find no pathway. The snow fell and the wind blew and the wind blew and the snow fell, and the mother was lost upon the mountain side. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

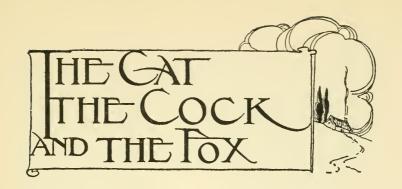
Dobrunka waited and watched all through the night. "What can have happened? Where can they have gone?" she cried; but only the wind and the snow answered her. The storm raged for several days and Dobrunka watched and waited. She worked about the house and she prayed, but her mother and her sister never returned to her.

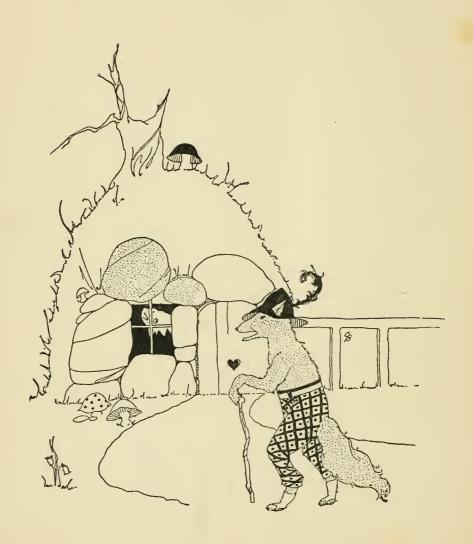
Dobrunka was then the mistress of the house. She made everything about her house and her garden look so neat and so nice that it was a pleasure to see her home. She went about the village doing kind deeds to her neighbors and everyone loved the unselfish girl.

When she grew older a young farmer fell in love with her and soon afterward married her. She lived to a good old age, always happy, and making those about her happy.

The twelve months never forgot their dear child. In the winter, when the cold North Wind blew and shook the windows and doors of her home, Father January stopped up all the cracks and crevices with snow, so that the cold wind could not enter her home. And all the people said, "See how the Twelve Months love our dear Dobrunka! For, when she has Winter at the door, she has Summer in her barn, Autumn in the cellar, and Spring in her heart."









The cat scolded the cock roundly.
[See page 82]



THE CAT, THE COCK AND THE FOX

HERE was, once upon a time, a cat and a cock who lived quite happily together in a little hut in a barnyard. The cock kept the house while the cat went out every

day in search of food.

One day, when the cat started out, he said to the cock: "Now, you must let no one in."

Soon after the cat had gone, there came a "KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!" at the door, and a soft voice called, "Dear little cock, won't you please let me in?"

The cock looked out and saw standing there a sly old fox. The cock was very much frightened and answered, "Oh, no, little fox: pussy told me not to let anyone in."

Then the fox begged again, "Oh, dear, good little cock, please let me in."

"Oh, no, I tell you, pussy told me not to," repeated the cock.

Once more the fox begged, "Oh, dear, good kind little cock, please, please let me in."

At last the cock grew tired of always saying "No,"

so he opened the door. The fox rushed into the house and, seizing the cock by the throat, ran off over the hills towards her den.

The poor cock shrieked in fright:

"Help! pussy—pussy!
That foxy hussy
Has got me tight
With all her might.
Across her tail
My legs do trail
Along the bridge so stony!
Help, pussy—pussy!"

The pussy heard the shrieks of the poor cock and came running very fast. He pounced upon the old fox, clawing and scratching her until she dropped the cock and went running off to her den.

The cat scolded the cock roundly, as he took him home. "Why did you not obey me? I told you to let no one in. If you do not mind, the old fox will catch you and eat you!"

For some time after this the cock was very careful: but another day, when the cat was away searching for food, there came a knocking at the door, and there stood the wily old fox begging to get in.

"Dear little cock, won't you please let me in?"
"No, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn't to."

"Oh, dear, good, little cock, please, let me in!"

"No, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn't to."

"Oh, dear, good, kind, little cock, please, please, let me in!"

"NO! NO! NO! little fox, pussy said I wasn't to!"

Again that stupid little cock let the fox in and of course the same thing happened: the fox seized the cock by the throat and rushed over the hills towards her den.

Again the poor cock shrieked out in fright!

"Help! pussy—pussy!
That foxy hussy
Has got me tight
With all her might.
Across her tail
My legs do trail
Along the bridge so stony!
Help! pussy—pussy!"

When pussy heard that frightened shriek of the cock, he came running over the hills. "MIAOW! MIAOW! MIAOW!" he said as, pouncing upon the fox, he clawed and scratched her head and ears until she was glad to drop the cock and run off to her den.

"Miaow! Miaow! Now!" scolded the cat.

"Now, will you be good? Keep out of the jaws of that fox or she will eat you!"

For some time after that, the cock was very careful, but then, one day, when the cat was away searching for food, the same sly old fox knocked again at the door and begged to get in.

"Dear little cock, won't you please let me in?"

"No, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn't to!"

"Oh, dear, good, little cock, please let me in!"

"No, no, little fox, pussy said I wasn't to!"

"Oh, dear, good, kind, little cock, please, please let me in!"

"No! No! No! little fox, pussy said I wasn't to!"

At last, that poor, stupid cock was so touched by the pleading voice of the fox that he opened the door. The fox rushed into the house and, seizing the cock by the throat, ran off over the hills, towards her den, muttering, "This time you shall not get away. I shall surely eat you!"

The poor cock shrieked wildly in his fright:

"Help! pussy—pussy!
That foxy hussy
Has caught me tight
With all her might.
Across her tail
My legs do trail
Along the bridge so stony!
Help! pussy—pussy! HELP! HELP!"

The cat, hearing the cries of the cock, ran and ran as fast as he could, but this time he could not catch the old fox. He went home and was so very lonely that he sat down and cried bitterly, "MIAOW, MIAOW, MIAOW-OOW!"

After a while he thought of a plan and stopped crying. "Crying will not help matters," he said. "But I will save that stupid cock if I can!" So the cat took his fiddle and bow, and a big sack, and went away over the hills to the fox's home.

Now, the fox had plucked all the feathers from the cock and had put him on a platter all ready to cook, while she was making some soup and porridge for supper for all of her little foxes to eat.

Suddenly they heard some sweet music:

"Fiddle—de—dee!
The foxy so wee
Had daughters twice two
And a little son, too,
Called Phil—Fiddle—dee!
Come, foxy, and see
My sweet minstrelsy!"

"Mammy, dear Mammy, do you hear that sweet song? I will go out and see who is playing so nicely!" said one of the little foxes.

As soon as that little fox skipped out of the den

the cat seized her, squeezed her and popped her into the big sack. Then the cat went right on with his song:

"Fiddle—de—dee!
The foxy so wee
Had daughters twice two
And a little son, too,
Called Phil—Fiddle—dee!
Come, foxy, and see
My sweet minstrelsy!"

Another little fox came up out of the den, and was seized and squeezed by the big cat and popped into his sack.

Then the cat sang his song again and again until, one by one, he had seized and squeezed all those little foxes and popped them into his sack.

When the mother fox had supper ready and her children did not return, she called loudly, "Come, children, come, children—the soup is simmering, the porridge is ready, and soon I will roast the cock."

But no one answered her. The fox came out of her den to look for her family, and the big cat pounced upon her, seized her, squeezed her and popped her into the sack also.

The cat went down into the den and drank up all the soup and ate up all the porridge. Then he saw the cock lying on the platter.

"Come, cock, shake yourself!" called the cat loudly.

The poor, stupid cock opened his eyes and stood upon his feet. He looked funny enough without

any feathers.

The cat laughed at him long and loud. "A fine looking fellow you are, with all of your feathers gone! If it had not been for me you would have lost your life also. Well, come along home again!"

So the cat took the fiddle, the bow, and the big heavy sack over his back and the poor plucked cock followed after him.

When they reached their home, the cat skinned all of the dead foxes, and made some soft beds for himself and the cock to sleep upon, out of the small foxes' skins, and he put the skin of the big fox upon the floor for a rug.

Then the cat and the cock lived in peace and plenty all of their lives: and as they laughed over this as a good joke, so we may laugh over it, too.







THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

NCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who were very unhappy because they had no children.

"How I wish that I had a dear little daughter," cried the Queen. When her wish came true, and she at last held in her arms her dear little daughter, her joy knew no bounds.

"We will give a great christening feast," said the proud King, "and we will invite all of our friends and relatives to come and see our beautiful baby."

"And we will invite all the fairies in the realm," said the Queen, "so that they may act as godmothers to our dear child."

Now, there were twelve fairies invited to the christening party, and so the King ordered twelve gold plates for them to use at the banquet.

When they were all seated at the table, the door suddenly burst open and an ugly old fairy came right into the hall. She was very angry because she had not been invited to the feast, but, as no one had seen or heard of her for a hundred years, of course the King did not invite her, and so he had no golden plate for her. But he ordered food to be placed before her, yet still she felt slighted and cross and she muttered to herself during the feast: "Before I leave this place I will turn all their joy into sorrow."

Now, it happened that one of the good fairies heard this ugly threat, so she went and hid herself behind a curtain until all their wishes should be given. When the feast was ended, all the fairy god-mothers came to the little Princess, each bringing her a christening gift.

"The little Princess shall always have great beauty," said the first fairy.

"The Princess shall be as good as she is beautiful," said the second fairy.

"She shall be as wise as she is good and beautiful," said the third.

So, each in turn, spoke her wish until eleven fairies had given their gifts, when the ugly fairy stepped forward and screamed out: "Hold! All your gifts are useless, for, when the little Princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle and fall down dead!" And, before the King or his courtiers could seize her, the wicked fairy ran shrieking from the hall.

The Queen mother screamed out in horror and everyone in the palace was frightened when, suddenly, the twelfth little fairy came out from her hiding place behind the curtain and said: "The

Princess shall not die. I cannot cancel the curse of the evil fairy, but I can change it somewhat. When the Princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle and fall asleep for one hundred years. At the end of that time, a Prince shall come to awaken her."

The King was so anxious to guard his dear daughter from harm that he sent out a command over his kingdom: "Let all spindles be burned."

As the years went on, the promises of all the fairies came true. The Princess grew so beautiful, good and wise that all who knew her loved her.

Now, it happened that, the very day she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen went away for a while, and the Princess, being left alone, wandered about through the castle until she came to a high tower which she had never seen before. She climbed up the narrow, winding staircase and, at the top, saw a little door with a rusty key sticking in the lock. As she turned the key the door flew open and there, in a dusty, dingy room, sat a little old woman spinning flax.

"Good day, Granny," said the Princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning flax," answered the old woman.

"I never saw anything like that before. Oh, do, please let me try to do it," urged the Princess. She took the spindle and tried to spin, but she pricked

her finger and instantly the words of the fairy came true; for, the moment she pricked her finger, she sank down in a deep sleep which spread over the whole castle.

The King and Queen had just come home and had entered the great hall, when they fell fast asleep sitting on their thrones, surrounded by their courtiers and fair ladies. The horses went to sleep in the stables, the dogs in the courtyard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall—all went to sleep. Even the fire on the hearth flickered and went out, and the roast meat stopped crackling. The cook, who was in the act of boxing the little scullion on the ear, because he had forgotten an errand, stopped with his arm outstretched, and went to sleep. And all the servants in the kitchen were soon sound asleep. The wind stopped swaying the trees, the leaves dropped from the branches, and all was still. The grass turned brown, the flowers in the garden nodded their heads and went to sleep, while all about the castle a hedge of briar roses grew up higher and higher until at last the entire castle was so surrounded in a network of thorny branches that it could not be seen at all; and there they all slept for years and years and years.

From time to time the story would be told of the Sleeping Beauty in the castle and Princes would come and try to break through the hedge of thorns,

but they found it impossible to reach the castle.

At last, after many years, a Prince from a far distant land came to that part of the country, and, hearing an old man tell the story of the Sleeping Beauty, he was determined to find her.

"Do not try to go through the brambles," said the old man, "other princes have tried and failed."

"I am not afraid," answered the young man, "and

I may be the one chosen to awaken her."

Now, the hundred years were just ended and the time had come for the Sleeping Beauty to awaken; so, when the Prince appeared, the hedge began to blossom until it was covered with flowers and it opened wide for him to pass through. In the court-yard, he saw the horses and dogs lying asleep. On the roof sat the doves with their heads under their wings. When he went into the castle, he saw the flies asleep on the wall—the fire asleep on the hearth—the cook with his hand raised, ready to strike the scullion boy, and all the servants asleep in their places. When he went through the great hall he saw the King and Queen asleep on their thrones, surrounded by sleeping attendants.

He wandered on and on, until at last he reached the tower room and opened the door where the Sleeping Beauty lay. She looked just as beautiful as she had when she first fell asleep, one hundred years before. Her cheeks were as pink as roses and her long yellow hair covered her like a golden mantle. She appeared so lovely as she lay asleep that the Prince loved her at once, and he leaned down over her and kissed her.

The beautiful Princess opened her eyes, blue as the summer skies, and smiled up at her Prince. "You have come at last, my Prince," she said. "I have been waiting a long, long time for you."

Then the Prince took the Princess by the hand, and together they went down through the castle. The King and the Queen awoke, and all their courtiers and fair ladies, and all looked at each other with astonished eyes. In the kitchen all the servants awoke. The cook boxed the scullion boy upon the ear and he ran upon his errand. The fire began to crackle merrily upon the hearth, and the meat began to roast, while the flies buzzed upon the wall. The horses in the stables woke up and the dogs ran barking around the courtyard. The doves, lifting their heads from under their wings, called "Coo! coo!" as they flew far away across the fields.

The grass began to grow green; the leaf buds began to open upon the trees, and the flowers came up from the ground. The wicked fairy's enchantment was at an end, and all rejoiced once more.

Then the wedding of the Princess and the Prince was celebrated with great splendor, and they all lived happily ever after.







